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From the People's Journal.
Memoir of William Lloyd Garrison.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Concluded.)

We give below the conclusion of Mrs. Howitt's Memoir of W. L. Garrison. Owing to some delay in England, the number of the People's Journal containing it was only received within the week.—A. S. Standard.

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the steadfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-reconciliation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1833, therefore, a new impetus was given to the Anti-Slavery movement, by the public labors of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelina and Sarah Grimke, the daughters of the Honorable Thomas S. Grimke, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavored to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless: the state of Slavery around them could neither permit nor make available their humane labors. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortunes, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its movers.—They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among other things, gives to woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelina, in particular, was a close reasoner and most eloquent declaimer. Before long, they conceived that duty called them, to speak publicly on the subject of Slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly imbruted more than a million of their sex—and they consequently began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repudiate slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labors. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *call* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to give them no countenance in their unscriptural course! They defended themselves with signal ability, and Sarah Grimke published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called, in America, the "Woman's Right Question," and which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the Abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-laborers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them.—The great body of Abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed! and thus established the principle of women being morally and politically equal to men.—The clergy of the "orthodox" stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labor of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the proceedings; but in this they were fortunately defeated. But they then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the Anti-Slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Abby Kelley's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labors, towards the overthrow of Slavery, than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshaking achievement of good works, deserved, and will obtain, immortal honor.—Such are the glorious women who have come forth in this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the strongholds of Slavery, prejudices, and self-interest. The question was—should Abby Kelley sit on the committee? A large majority of votes

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 34.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 86.

From the *National Era*.
The Constitutional Question—Anti-Slavery Men.

We proceed at once to notice the following resolution of the State Liberty Convention of Massachusetts:

Resolved, That, to secure human rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed—but the power and scope of such governments cannot extend so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man, or be inconsistent with the principles of natural justice.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States does not establish slavery, nor give it any legal existence; nor does it, by any fair interpretation, sanction it, within the States. Nor could it so sanction it, even had its framers so intended, inasmuch as slavery had at that time no legal existence in any of the States of the Union: Because, first, the colonial charters did not authorize it. Secondly, the trade between the Colonies and Africa was never legalized by Great Britain. Thirdly, the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Somerset, in 1772, settled the law of the land, as applicable to the colonies.

Fourthly, the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, became a fundamental law of the land, with which slavery was necessarily inconsistent. Fifthly, none of the Constitutions of the then States recognize it. And, sixthly, because slavery is inconsistent with natural right and justice, and its establishment lies beyond the limit of right and legal authority.

The first resolution affirms, that "the power and scope" of a government founded upon the consent of the governed, "cannot extend so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man, or be inconsistent with the principles of natural justice." No intent upon this would be needed, were it not for the doctrine, recently broached by some, that law is no law unless it be a righteous one—a doctrine with no other force than that derived from a mere play on words. Whether the "power and scope" of such a government as that named above, can extend "so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man" is a mere question of fact. The right to violate "the natural rights of man, or act inconsistently with the principles of natural justice," certainly exists nowhere. But that "the power and scope" (the last term meaning design or purpose) of such a government may extend "so far as to conflict with natural rights," is proved by the fact, that some ten Governments in this country are consistently sanctioning and enforcing the violation of such rights.

"All! but they are not just Governments," it is said. True. Is it then meant by the proposition, that no *just* government can, in its provisions, "conflict with natural rights and the principles of natural justice"? This is a truism—a *just* government certainly cannot extend "so far as to conflict with natural rights," is proved by the fact, that some ten Governments in this country are consistently sanctioning and enforcing the violation of such rights.

5. "Fifthly. None of the Constitutions of the then States recognised it." This is scarcely true. Several of the Constitutions of the States at the adoption of the Constitution, contained various provisions recognising indirectly the condition of slavery. For example, they provided that no "free man should be deprived of the right of liberty without" &c., and that every "free man" should be entitled to vote, &c. This certainly was a recognition of the fact, that there were or might be slaves in those commonwealths, and excluded these slaves from certain privileges.

But, what matter if "the Constitutions of the then States" did not recognise it? The law did. In fact, slavery was a part of the social structure. Slaves were first introduced into Virginia in the year 1620. They increased steadily from that time till, in 1776, they constituted a large portion of the inhabitants of the States. During all this period, laws were continually made, recognising them as slaves; and it does really seem like cavilling to deny, that what had been in existence for more than a century, was imbedded in the local institutions of a State, recognised and guarded by all its laws, and was a component part of the basis of its social system, was not *legalized*, because not written expressly in the Constitution!

1. As to the Colonial Charters, we shall say nothing about them, for we have no opportunity now to examine them. But, so far as we remember, they did not prohibit the establishment of slavery, and were not re-pugnant to it.

2. On what ground the second statement is made, we are at a loss to understand. The trade in slaves between the Colonies and Africa was recognised as a *legal commerce*—was sanctioned by the Crown—was perpetuated by the use of the *royal veto*, in opposition to the express will of some of the colonies. These are facts attested by history.—So far back as the year 1732, the Legislature of Virginia began to legislate against the foreign slave trade. The duties upon slave importation were increased, from time to time, till, in 1772, they amounted to above forty per cent. In the same year, a petition on the subject was presented to the Throne, from the House of Burgesses of Virginia. It says that the commerce in slaves had "long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its *present encouragement*," it threatened the existence of His Majesty's dominions. After showing that though some of "Majesty's subjects of Great Britain" might reap emolument from it, it greatly retarded the settlement of the colonies," it concluded as follows:

"Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove all these restraints on your Majesty's Governors of this colony, which prohibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce."

How does this plain statement of facts consist with the declaration that the trade in slaves was never *legalized* by Great Britain? In the Constitution of Virginia, "the inhuman use of the royal negative," in refusing permission to exclude slaves from the colonies, was assigned as one of the reasons for separating from Great Britain. Besides, why was it found necessary to agitate so long and earnestly to procure a *law abolishing the slave trade between Africa and the British dominions*, if that trade was never *legalized* by Great Britain?

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States were to unite against pre-slavery legislators, this, of itself, would be the beginning of the end; and humanity would not have long to wait to see the end consummated. Here, then, is a peculiarity in the circumstances of the slave States. In other countries, slavery is upheld by a military despotism, or under a constitution so mixed with the despotic, that the mind of the people is but partially expressed; but there, slavery is the will of the people—their free will; they have it, because they choose to have it; and so they stand alone among the nations of the earth in their guilt and their degradation.

Hearing before the Judiciary Committee.

The number of memorials that have already been sent to the Legislature of this State, for the peaceful secession of Massachusetts from this tyrannical and man-imbruting Union, is already considerable; others, doubtless, are in process of circulation for signatures, but they ought to be immediately forwarded, as the session is rapidly drawing to a close. Next week we shall endeavor to publish an accurate list of the whole number of petitions, with the aggregate number of signatures. From the small number of females who have signed these petitions, it is evident that they have generally supposed that the names of legal voters only were desired. This is a mistake. We have omitted to state, that, as soon as the first petition for Disunion was presented to the House, the Rev. David Young, D. D. of Perth, Scotland; delivered in Edinburgh at the request of the Free Church Anti-Slavery Society:

Once more, they seek shelter in the violence of the Abolitionists. A preposterous plea! Are other men's sins an expiation for mine? But where are the violent among the Abolitionists? Do they name William Lloyd Garrison, the excommunicated of America, and, in some circles, at least, the maligned of Britain? Is he a violent man? Whose head has he set on fire? Whose wife or children has he dragged into bondage? Whom has he instigated to do any thing more than assert the claims of justice and mercy? They call him an infidel: I do not believe it. His creed may differ, in some things, from theirs, or from mine, and yet remain the creed of a Christian; and if he be breathing the spirit of a Christian—if he be casting out devils in the name of Jesus Christ, what right have they to denounce him, because he does not with them? Let his enemies beware; the sword they are wielding has two edges. If his measures be right, his mistakes in the faith can never make them wrong, and, if his measures be wrong, their soundness in the faith can never make them right. Orthodoxy is a sacred name, and, just because it is a sacred name, few things are more impious than attempts to turn it into a passport for cruelty. But has this hated and estimable man never been himself the victim of violence? He has; his character has been assailed; his person has been hunted like a partridge in the wilderness; a price has been set upon his head; his life has been put in peril; and by whom? By the emissaries of oppression—by assassins clothed in orthodoxy—by men, who, in the poet's phrase,

"Are scandals to their times,
Are at a loss to find his faults,
And can't commit his crimes."

That the Abolitionists have never done any thing which was rash or out of place, I am not prepared to assert. They were marvelously almost superhuman, if, amidst the difficulties which beset their path, they had never let go the reins of discretion; but suppose them to be as bad as their accusers call them, and their accusers as good as they call themselves, what is that to us? The cause of humanity is still the same; and it is surely better to help a bad man in a good cause, than to help a good man in a bad cause. And think of the provocation which these same Abolitionists had to endure. They found the churches fast asleep, and disposed to be angry when their sleep was disturbed; they found the holders and the tormentors of slaves retained in the fellowship, and even in the oversight of the churches; they found the ministers of the churches either speaking evasively, or positively defending the existing state of things; they found expedients eagerly resorted to, whose appearance was plausible, but whose aim was, at once, to frustrate their designs, and to impose on the simplicity of their friends. They found these things going on, month after month, and year after year; their sincerity was offended; their sympathies were shocked; their patience was worn out; and if they sinned against propriety in word or in deed, they did so in circumstances where charity forbids that "every nice offence should bear its punishment."

But, what matter if "the Constitutions of the then States" did not recognise it? The law did. In fact, slavery was a part of the social structure. Slaves were first introduced into Virginia in the year 1620. They increased steadily from that time till, in 1776, they constituted a large portion of the inhabitants of the States. During all this period, laws were continually made, recognising them as slaves; and it does really seem like cavilling to deny, that what had been in existence for more than a century, was imbedded in the local institutions of a State, recognised and guarded by all its laws, and was a component part of the basis of its social system, was not *legalized*, because not written expressly in the Constitution!

3. The third statement is, that "the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Somerset, in 1772, settled the law of the land, as applicable to the colonies, to any part of Great Britain." This cannot be true; else, why was compensation allowed by the British Government to ours, for slaves owned in this country, wrecked upon the Bermuda islands, before the abolition of slavery there? It will be recollected that our Government, with a pertinacious fidelity to the slave power, ever characteristic of it, demanded compensation for slaves in certain vessels, the *Encomium*, *Comet*, and *Hermione*, wrecked on the British West India Islands, whereby the slaves were made free. One of the vessels was lost prior to the act of abolition in the colonies; and for the slaves on board that vessel, if we recollect aright, compensation was awarded; the principle was thus recognised, that the colonies being slaveholding, the decision in the case of Somerset did not apply to them. Compensation was denied in the other cases, because the transaction took place after the abolition of slavery in the islands.

4. It is said, fourthly, that "the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, became a fundamental law of the land, with which slavery was necessarily inconsistent." Doubtless slavery, in all its parts, is inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence; but where is the authority for saying that this became the *fundamental law of the land*?

The people of the colonies did not ordain, Nothing in the Declaration itself gives countenance to this idea. The Supreme Court of the United States has never so ruled. The Constitution of the United States, behind which there is no higher authority than the ultimate sovereignty of the people, does not recognise it. Let us not impose an agreeable fiction upon our own minds. That Declaration was put forth by the representatives of slaveholding colonies, not as a *law*, but as a vindication of their separation from Great Britain. In that they affirmed certain great principles as the foundation of all just government, and thereby came under a *moral obligation* to carry out those principles faithfully in their own case; but they did not ordain them as the fundamental law of the Government they were about to originate. Nor could these principles have any legal force over them, until declared to be law. When they came to form the Constitution, their language was this: "We do hereby ordain and establish this Constitution," &c. This is the fundamental and the only fundamental law of the land. We could wish it otherwise. We wish it could be said, with truth, that the Declaration of Independence had been *ordained and established* by our forefathers as the fundamental law of the land. But we cannot go beyond the record, and believe without evidence.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Murder will out.

This is an adage that will in general, I believe, hold good, yet it sometimes happens that the innocent suffer; and the guilty escape. Perhaps this would be the case generally, if the testimony of the guilty person was to be admitted and relied upon by the court. Hence great care should be exercised to ascertain the character of the witness. No court of justice will permit a man under a fictitious name to send by letter a statement of what he may call facts, and rely upon this statement as evidence, his name and place of residence not being known.

In the Anti-Slavery Bugle of Jan. 15th, I find an article in relation to what some would call a discussion between J. W. Walker and myself. It is thought by many who heard the discussion and have seen the article, that "Observer" must have been a very *careless observer*, as his article evidently lacks the most important ingredient, that is truth! I do not mean to be understood that he has told no truth, or that he intentionally asserted falsehoods; but that he was incompetent or unwilling to give a true history of the case! We shall briefly notice a few things contained in the article, allowing the rest to remain for correction at some future period, and perhaps at the judgment day.

The first thing that I shall notice is, that in my oration to defend the M. E. Church against the attack of Anti-slavery men, I announced that if I did not satisfy the people that the church was anti-slavery, I would then debate the question with any competent person; and the people not being satisfied, I was replied to by J. W. Walker, who showed that what had been said by me was contradicted by facts. There is *one* truth in all this; that is, that I delivered a lecture, the design of which was to show that the church was pro-slavery. With regard to the rest, the people unacquainted with the matter would undoubtedly be misled by such a statement. The facts are these: a member of our church had asked for a letter of dismissal in consequence of the reported pro-slavery character of the church, but agreed to wait four weeks if I would agree to lecture upon that subject at that time. At the request of several members I agreed to do so with the understanding that if he was not satisfied, he should then have leave peacefully to retire. I did not agree to try to satisfy any other person. The lecture was delivered and although more than six weeks have passed, and he has had frequent opportunities to do so, he has made no such request. With regard to my proposal to debate the question with any competent person if the people were not satisfied, and their not being satisfied, and the intimation that Mr. W.'s lecture was a reply in consequence of dissatisfaction with my discourse, I would say, I had been solicited frequently to say I would debate the question, "Is the M. E. Church pro-slavery?" and my uniform reply was, that question will be readily answered when the man who himself wished to debate it will ask it.

Before I delivered my lecture it was publicly announced that Mr. W. of Cleveland would lecture on that subject. But where?

In that place? No. In the same township? No, nor within several miles of the place. Was Mr. W. present at the time of my lecture? No. Did he reply to my discourse, and show that what I had said was contradicted by facts? Nothing is further from truth! At present I shall say nothing in relation to the merit of Mr. Walker's discourse, this may be considered at some other time.

What Mr. W. said and proved by the Discipline and the action of the Conferences, you may learn from the most *careless* "Observer," if you are willing to take the testimony of a man who does not let us know who and where he is. In regard to my having "edified the audience until the last possible particle of patience had expired, and many had left the house," I would say, that though I lectured three hours, it was not generally known, nor do I think it known to any but this *careless* "Observer" that any person left the house until I had closed, and Mr. W. rose to reply. It is quite possible, however, that Mr. "Observer" left the house (if indeed he was ever in it) before I had occupied 15 minutes. As to patience, I have no doubt but Mr. Walker's and that of his friends failed before I had proceeded far. Indeed there would have been no cause of rejoicing or glorying in it if he had taken it patiently when it evidently was a buffeting for his fults.

With reference to what is said about demolishing S. S. Foster, combating O. Scott, and spending a long time in reading a reply from my pen to L. Lee, &c., I have only to say that if my opponent steps into the track of any other person, I shall not on that account spare him or his predecessor. I noticed the audience that if Mr. W. read or repeated arguments contained in the words of the man referred to, he need not expect by that means to escape my notice, that if I was in pursuit of a fox and he should try to escape by getting into a wolf's track, and the wolf by getting into a bear's track, while they continued together and I pursued the one I also pursued the others, and if I could catch them all, so much the better. As to the article which took me so long to read, it is all contained on one quarter of a sheet, and per-

haps took nearly two minutes to read it, and if Mr. "Observer" thought this a long time, it must be because he felt very uneasy under the operation.

And now in regard to the Wesleyan Discipline, which he says I examined for nearly an hour, although told it was not the Discipline. I ask, who told me it was not the Discipline? None other than Mr. W. But why did he do this? Evidently because he knew he could not defend it. But what was his surprise and consternation when I read from the preface the following: "The Discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America, Canton Ohio. Published by J. B. Miller for the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. Daniel Gotsball, Printer." Another was handed to me, published by O. Scott himself, when Mr. Walker acknowledged that the reading was the same in every case. The Discipline which Mr. W. was so unwilling to own, and about which he made so much ado, is still offered for sale by the agents of the Book concern of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and the identical one I held in my hand had been sold by one of their preachers and recommended as the best extent. It is true Mr. W. on the next evening attempted to make an impression on the public mind that their last edition of the Discipline was much better on the subject of discipline, and that I had no right to use the one I had, but in this he failed, and was constrained to confess that I had applied to him for one of the latest editions, "but," said he, "if I had one, do you think I would let him have it to break our heads with?" A virtual acknowledgment that he knew it would not bear examination. He could not be prevailed upon to stay and hear my reply, though earnestly solicited to do so. The Wesleyan Discipline was referred to, to show that however anti-slavery they were as a church, that the language of the Discipline was not so decidedly opposed to slavery as ours, and the conclusion must be that if our Discipline was pro-slavery theirs must be; but as they declare theirs is not; we show most conclusively that ours is not.

Mr. "Observer" says, "the effect was powerful—intense was the feeling of indignation towards the Rev. abettors of sin, when Mr. W. said that I stood there to plead that under some circumstances it was right to steal babies, and to tear husbands from their wives." There is no wonder that there was an intense feeling of indignation against the Rev. abettors of sin, for every person who had heard me knew that I advocated no such doctrine, that I had not said it was under any circumstances right to steal any human being, or right under any circumstances to tear husbands from their wives; why then, should there not be indignant feelings towards the man or men who, without any foundation, would make such a statement as this? As to what is said about the pro-slavery priest and Mr. Walker's success, and the declension of pro-slavery methodism, it may pass for what it is worth. If the writer had been manly enough to give us his real name, I should think it worth while to attend more closely to his case. But we deny the pro-slavery of both preacher and people in the case referred to.

If we cannot defend the church nor ourselves against the foulest aspersions, without being charged with favoring the system of slavery, be it so; that matter will be settled at some future day. As to my having jumbled into my reply (as he supposed,) every thing which I had thought of for a year, I remark, it is quite possible there were some things he had never thought of; but we hope will not conclude that others are as destitute of ideas as himself.

With reference to my finding fault with Mr. Walker because he did not open his meeting with prayer, I would say if Mr. "Observer" had not been very careless, he would have known that the fault found was not because he did not open his meeting with prayer, but because he stated that if a minister attempted to pray for the slave the church would grieve him. I inquired if this was the reason he neither opened nor closed his meeting with prayer, and advised him to make his allegation good, or recall what he had said; but he was speechless!

I now say as formerly, that wherever slavery exists there must be sin connected with it somewhere in some way; but do not think it always chargeable upon the person who holds the slaves, if he does it in obedience to the golden rule, do as you would be done by under similar circumstances. I envy not the man his thinking powers who concludes the physician is the cause of, or is accountable for all the pain occasioned by amputation of a limb which had been fractured by a robber in an attempt to procure the money of the patient. If there is a case in which it becomes necessary to hold a slave for his own good, either in a state of infancy or under any other possible circumstance; all the sin connected with it (I believe,) will be chargeable upon those who create that necessity, whether it be the owner or any one else.

I will close by remarking that if Mr. Walker feels disposed to discuss the question, "Is the M. E. Church pro-slavery?" and we can have the columns of the Bugle for that purpose, (should there be no preventing Providence,) we will find the subscriber ready to attend to his case.

L. PARKER.

Ridgefield, Feb. 3, 1847.

CAPE COD, March 12, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

For the first time in my life, I am on the sands of this wonderfulest peninsula in the world. Some body asked once, what was the most valuable natural production of New Hampshire? The answer was, MEN.—The sands of Cape Cod are the nursery of Navigators. They are only sprouted here; for as soon as they can haul a mackerel, away they embark—and by the time they are nineteen, they can saddle and bridle a ship of 600 tons, and ride her down to Canton or Calcutta as coolly as ever man rode his mare to mill.

Nature evidently designed this barren region as her hot-house for the culture of navigators. And she opens to them the perils of the sea even at their own cradles, so they may know the fate which awaits them.

For the storms that often sweep the ocean

what purpose nobody can tell. An old lady who reads the newspapers, and watches the events that pass, said to me the other morning, "there is our general court, they come together a most three months ago, and there they've sat and sat and sat, and for what, the Lord only knows." I thought as much. They passed the annual anti-slavery resolutions the other day; though, as an improvement on former sessions, it was too late to send them to Congress, so that Massachusetts will not be laid on the table at Washington this time in sovereign contempt—an annual indignity she has not failed of before for years. Yours as ever.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MARCH 26, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Special Notice.

The treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is in immediate need of about one hundred dollars. Will those who have made pledges, oblige by forwarding the amount if convenient? If those who have neither made pledges nor given anything to the funds of the Society are disposed to contribute, will they please do so at once?

All the money forwarded will be acknowledged in the Bugle.

SAML. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

LABOR AND LABORERS.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise embraces the generally acknowledged principle, that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is true it does not make the application of this doctrine to the condition of all laborers; it is more specific in its object, the destruction of the principle and practice of chattel slavery being the express purpose which called it into existence. Yet no one can really believe that the colored laborer of the South is worthy of his hire, without also believing that all laborers the world over, are entitled to a just compensation for their services; nor can any who urge the enforcement of this principle in regard to white laborers, consistently deny to colored slaves an equal right to share in its benefits. Although the Anti-Slavery enterprise was only designed to act against chattel slavery, yet the doctrine it advocates will benefit the laborer every where; for the interests of the laborer are one, and everything which tends to elevate Labor, and secure for it its just dues, must benefit those who are identified with it.

It is true—and we are sorry that truth compels us to admit it—there are those who

claim the name of abolitionist who do not make an application of anti-slavery principles to those with whom they sustain business relations in community. They have not yet adopted the principle entire, they do not fully understand the nature of christian democracy. Although the testimony of such against chattel slavery is valuable, yet its value is materially lessened by the spice of tyranny and oppression with which they season the treatment of their own laborers. An abolitionist should hate oppression as much at home as abroad—tyranny in his own household should be as odious to him as on a Southern plantation—his entire life should be a living epistle in favor of justice, equality, and the rights of all. If it is not, he injures the anti-slavery cause far more, perhaps, than he is aware of. "Don't talk to me," says one, "about Mr. B.'s abolitionism; what does he care for the niggers when he treats his own hands so meanly?" "I've no faith," says another, "in Mr. C.'s sermons on equality, when he don't practice it in his own family." Such men as B. and C. may hate chattel slavery, may truly desire to see it abolished, but they have not yet become thoroughly imbued with the principles of the anti-slavery reform, and their character at home creates a prejudice against abolitionism. Enlistment and active service in the enterprise is, however, one of the best possible means to lay a firm and lasting foundation for universal democracy—a democracy which, like christianity, knows neither creed, caste, nor nation.

There are on the other hand, men who say they do and ever will contend for the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but who entirely overlook the condition of the Southern slaves, and confine their sympathy to the white laborer of the North—some of whom, we fear, are governed rather by worldly policy or fancied interest, than by principle. If the laboring man at the North would be himself elevated; if he would occupy a true position in the estimation of the world, and clothe labor in the dignity which belongs to it, he and his friends should strive to first elevate the lowest class of laborers, and obtain for them some of their just rights. This is a course that appears to us to be dictated by principle, or keeping that in the background, by sound policy.

The laboring population may be divided into three classes: (1) those who are tolerably well paid; (2) those who are miserably paid; (3) those who are not paid at all. It

is true that any improvement in the condition of either of these classes would benefit the other to a greater or less extent, for the interests of the laborer are one and indivisible the world over; but which is the most to be pitied?—which most needs to be elevated?—which has been most outraged? It is sometimes asserted that white slavery is worse than black slavery, that the condition of "wages slaves" is less tolerable than that of chattel slaves. A sufficient refutation to this absurdity is found in the fact that the latter are continually striving to exchange their chattel chains for wages wages, but we never heard of the former longing for service on a Southern plantation. We do not believe there is any system of oppression that darkens the brightness of God's green earth, which so degrades labor and the laborer, as does chattel slavery; and this appears so palpably true that we cannot understand how it can be denied. Admit all to be true that is said of the destitution of the victims of "wages slavery," all their oppression which we hear, rather than overrated, yet when we contemplate the results of these two systems, and see the feeling which exists in regard to labor and the laborer in the respective communities in which they are found, what have we? It is true, the laboring man, even here in the Western States, is not regarded as he should be, not esteemed so highly (yet some as if his toil-hardened hand was definitely professional; but there cannot be found in any part of the North such a universal idea of the disengagement of labor, and such a bitter contempt for the labor as exists in those States where the working man is bought and sold as property. And there is no doubt but that much of the idea of degradation which here—in some cases—attaches to the laborer, originated in the caught-up notions of some of those Southern nabobs who ever and soon scatter their views of slaveholding justice throughout the North, and by a practical exhibition of their contempt for all laborers, indoctrinate those whose highest ambition is to ape the manners and adopt the feelings of these petty and contemptible despots.

We will suppose labor to be worth \$1 per day. Here is one class of laborers who receive but 75 cents for their day's toil; another who have but 12½ cents, while a third is compelled to labor for nothing. Which of these present the strongest claim to our sympathy? Is it the man who by moderate toil obtains three-fourths of his rightful due, or the poor woman who by more constant labor is able only to procure one-eighth of what is justly hers? Of these two, the latter, every one would say; and there is not a man of the former class but would be ashamed to stand up before an audience and whine about the hardship of receiving but 75 cents a day, when he knew his fellow-tenant—the poor widow in the third story—was laboring a greater number of hours for 12½ cents. But suppose that instead of the 12½ cents, which, when she receives, is her own, she was compelled to toil without wages upon a cotton plantation, without the right of calling her helpless babe hers, would her condition be improved then by? We think not; and yet there are hundreds and thousands of men who will strive to move heaven and earth to procure an advance in the wages of free white laborers, or obtain for them some improvement in their condition, while they permit the millions in our land, to whom the very name of wages is an unmeaning sound, to be trampled into the dust without making an effort for their deliverance. The condition of the poor seamstresses in our large cities is worthy of commiseration; and because they are laborers and labor is degraded in them, they have especial claim upon the sympathy of the laborers of our land; yet inasmuch as the condition of the slave is far worse, and his character as a laborer far more degraded than his, his claim for sympathy and aid are much stronger.

The outrages inflicted upon the Southern slaves are so gross, that when public attention is drawn to them, it cannot but admit them to be a violation of every principle of justice and of right. It does not require a very clear moral perception to enable one to understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and this is a principle upon which a far more forcible appeal can be based, than on the alleged fact that he does not receive a sufficient compensation. The dullest comprehension will at once decide that every woman who has a right to her child, even though it should be staggered to determine how it should be clothed and fed, and what would be the best agency for accomplishing this. It does not need a very bright intellect to understand that every human being should be permitted to acquire knowledge, though it might puzzle a philosopher to decide whether a person should be educated at his own or the public's expense. So on the ground of expediency alone, those who wish to see labor elevated and the laborer respected, should present the strongest case of outrage, abuse and degradation—and this is to be found on the plantations of the South.

Northern laborers sometimes complain that their wages are too low, and that capitalists manifest a desire to reduce them yet lower. There may be some other cause operating to produce this effect than those generally ascribed, and perchance so important that no laborer should overlook it. We believe there is, and we will endeavor to present our ideas in relation to this matter in a familiar illustration. The fugitive slave case.

The Decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Van Zandt is thus stated in the National Intelligencer:

Wharton Jones, plaintiff, vs. John Van Zandt.—On a cert. of division in opinion between the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States for Ohio, Mr. Justice W. D. O'Brien delivered the opinion of this Court, that under the 4th section of the act of 12th February, 1793, respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters, on a charge for harboring and concealing fugitives from labor, that notice in writing by the claimant or his agent, or general notice to the public in a newspaper is not necessary; that clear proof of the knowledge of the defendant that he knew the colored person was a slave and fugitive from labor is sufficient to charge him with notice; that a claim of the fugitive from labor need not precede or accompany the notice; that any overt act so marked in its character as to show an intention to elude the vigilance of the master or his agent, and is calculated to attain such an object, is a harboring of the fugitive within the statute; and that the 1st section of Congress of 12th February, 1793, is not repugnant either to the Constitution of the United States, or to the ordinance of Congress adopted July, 1787, "for the government of the Territory of the United States north-west of the river Ohio."

What is to be done with this decision? Will the Supreme Court of Liberty party—Judges Goodell and Spooner on the bench—review and reverse it? It probably will; but unfortunately for John Van Zandt that Court is not the appointed expounder of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and its decision will have but little effect to prevent the seizure and sale of his property to satisfy the claim of the law of '93. This decision is a most unrighteous one, but we must remember that the Constitution under which it was made is a most unrighteous Constitution, and all of Liberty party's white washing will only make it a *whited sepulchre*, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Who is in favor of fining John Van Zandt \$500 for helping a fugitive slave in his flight, Canadawad! Who desires to have every one who does the same act fined in the same amount? Who goes for the law of '93 and the Constitution of '89? Let all such step up to the ballot-box on next election day and signify the same by depositing their implied promise to stand by the Constitution, the Laws of the Union, and the Decisions of the

The Legislature is still in session, but for

Supreme Court; while those who are opposed to having any fellowship with these works of darkness, would do well, like honest men to refuse to enter into political union with the oppressors of their race. Is it not enough to make one's blood boil to think of the accursed character of the Constitution which the fathers foisted upon this country, and the worse than Draco-laws that are enacted under it? This nation calls itself Republican and Christian! and yet if we meet a homeless stranger and take him in; if he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if fatigued and weary, help him on his road; and he should chance to be a fugitive from the most terrible oppression man ever endured, we are liable to a fine of \$500 for so doing, and this in accordance with the U. S. Constitution, and in harmony with the terms of the glorious Federal Union! Think of it, Children of the West. *Five hundred dollars* penalty for doing a Christian anti-slave hundred dollars penalty for harboring a fugitive slave—for aiding him in his search for freedom! There stands the law upon the statute book of the United States, and has been pronounced constitutional by the highest judicial authority in the land—The sophistry of Liberty party cannot obfuscate it—it is *there*, a fixed fact; and if it should be imperative in any section of the Union, it will be because public opinion rises superior to law—because, so far as this particular statute is concerned, Disunion doctrines prevail.

The question of the constitutionality of the law of '93 has now been decided—the first of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States has gone forth, and submission is demanded of the people because they have agreed that what the Supreme Court says is law shall be law, that what it declares is Constitution shall be Constitution. Let those who have manhood and independence spurn such a government! Better far to be branded as traitors, better far to be stigmatized as disorganizers, better far to be denounced as Jacobins, than to remain in political fellowship with men-thieves—in civil union with slaveholders.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Herald says:

In the speech of Mr. Corwin there is much to approve. He has taken the position of the Liberty party on the war, which is the only right position. But can the Whigs be trusted? Have they ever come up to their professions on the subject of Slavery? &c."

We don't know who is the writer of the above; if honest, he lacks intelligence; if intelligent, he lacks honesty. Corwin took a position which Liberty party has never taken, and the opposite of what some of its leaders avow. Did the Herald's correspondent ever hear of Colonel Joseph Cilley?

And then how innocently are the closing questions asked, just as if the Whigs had not come up to their professions as fully as Liberty party ever did—just as if they were not as trustworthy! Who was it recommended the President when he did strike, to strike at the head and not at the limbs of Mexico? Liberty party's Senator! Who voted for a resolution of thanks to General Taylor for his successful butchery of the Mexicans at Monterey? Liberty party's Senator! Who, by his silence, consented to an appropriation for paying the piratical owners of the Amistad for their escaped slaves? Liberty party's Senator! Who inaudibly flung back a respectful petition into the faces of those who sent it him for presentation? Liberty party's Senator! And yet such men as this writer tuck themselves with the idea of belonging to such a saintly party.

LIBERTY PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—On our first page is an article from the pen of Dr. Bailey, in which he reviews the positions taken by Liberty party in a resolution adopted by a State convention in Massachusetts, and we think pretty essentially annihilates such of them as he attacks. We are glad the Doctor has given something of a check to these Liberty party men of the Bay State.—Goodell and Spooner's fancied re-constitution of the pro-slavery dress of the Constitution into anti-slavery gold, seems to have given others the idea that by the alchemy of a resolution, and the magic of a speech or two, they can convert even history's recorded facts into an hypothesis upon which to build their false conclusions. But a more potent magician utters his "hey, presto, bang!" and the great and glorious doctrine of their resolutions which loomed up into the resemblance of a mighty fortress, is seen to be nothing but common place flattery of rhetoric.

The review is commended to the especial attention of Liberty party editors, who, we hope, will favor their readers with it.

THE MAJOR GENERALS.—There are now four Major Generals attached to the U. S. Army—Scott of Va., Gaines of Tenn., Taylor of Ky., and Cummings of Va. All but Scott are slaveholders. The President wished to add another to the number, who is also a slaveholder, Benton of Miss., but the candidate was unwilling to serve unless extra power should be given him. We suppose these men by their plantation training are admirably qualified to govern the patriotic fools of the North who are so eager to fight for the extension of slavery as to put themselves under their command. The South long ago said to the North, "you find the men, and I'll find the officers"—a proposition to which the North then consented, and which both the parties have since religiously observed.

To Correspondents.

T. B. We are very glad to have the name and co-operation of R. D. Hope E. L. will be on the ground, agreeably to her wish.

C. N. The books have been forwarded.

J. P. D. His request has been complied with. We deeply regret the suspension he speaks of.

W. N. D. His article will be published.

C. D. F. We are glad to hear the cause is making progress in M. His letter, if published, would crowd out more important matter.

C. N. S. His paper was discontinued through an error in the P. M. It is all right now—the back numbers have been forwarded.

J. H. N. of S. C. Says he has paid \$2.50 on account. It is not credited on our books—when, and to whom was it paid?

A. C. F. We hope her success will exceed her expectations.

F. M. G. His letter came to hand just as we were going to press—had not time to read it. The books shall be forwarded.

Charles C. Barlow's

Was arrested, tried, fined, and in default of payment committed to the jail of Chester Co., Pa., for six days at hard labor, for selling anti-slavery books at his meetings on Sunday. Soon after his arrival at the prison, the amount of the fine, four dollars, was handed to the jailor, and he left to fulfill the appointments he had made. Oxford, the town in which he was tried is an exceedingly hard place—not having perhaps five right-roads in it—where the abolitionists were never able to obtain a room for a meeting; but Charles, after his conviction embraced the opportunity to talk anti-slavery to the very considerable audience that had been drawn together by the news of his bondage to "the powers that be." The present result of this movement is, that Charles is in great demand in the region round about, and his *exposure* is listened to with interest, and his persecutors are beginning to wish they had done nothing in the case.

Among our communications this week, is one from L. Parker in reference to an account given some time since by a correspondent of a discussion between him and J. W. Walker. He is, of course, entitled to give his version of the affair if he chooses to do so; and if J. W. W. feels inclined to discuss with him the character of the M. E. Church, or if one chooses to attack, or the other to vindicate, we certainly shall not exclude either of them from our columns. In our opinion, however, the very great majority of our subscribers, if not all of them, would be as little interested in an exhibit of its *pro-slavery* character as in a demonstration to show that black is not white; nor do we suppose they would be much edified by all the proof of its *anti-slavery* character which can be presented by one who avows his belief that a man may hold slaves in obedience to the golden law of love, and who talks about the necessity being created of holding them as property for their own good.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democrats have regained their ascendancy in this State, by a probable majority of from five hundred to a thousand. Hope their defeat of last year has shown them the necessity of conforming to the growing public sentiment against American slavery. Don't know whether the successful candidates make much profession of anti-slavery, but have no fear but what they will do as much against the institution as Senator Cilley.

The conclusion of Mary Howitt's Memoir of Wm. Lloyd Garrison will be found in our columns this week. We supposed we published the whole in a number some months since, but thought it ended very abruptly. We are glad the writer brings down his history to a later date.

SLAVERY IN CHINA.—Slavery prevails in China to a considerable extent. Poor people sometimes sell their daughters as slaves. In Canton there are more than 80,000 slaves. The laws do not allow the separation of man and wife, nor the sale of the children of slaves without the consent of their parents. If a slave runs away, violence cannot be used to get him back to his master.

Exc. Paper.

Poor ignorant fools! No wonder American Christians call them barbarians. Only think of it! not to allow the separation of slave husband and wife, nor to permit children to be torn from their parents, not to use violence in recapturing fugitives! We suspect there are not in America missionaries there. Would it not be well to send out a lot who could convert them to the Christian practice of sundering family ties, and would eloquently expatiate upon the virtue of bloodhounds, branding-irons, and other appliances of American Slavery?

BIBLES FOR SLAVES.—Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston has made a donation in aid of a fund for distributing Bibles among the slaves of the South. He says that no man or body of men has a right to prevent any human being from reading the Word of God. The fact that there are laws enacted against it, whether in Rome, Mecca or Charleston, in no way affects the duty of every human being to do all in his power to communicate the Bible to every other human being. He would therefore encourage the American Bible Society in the work of distribution among the slaves.

N. Y. Tribune.

E. N. Kirk is consistent in this; and in order to give efficiency to his donation, and to let him see what kind of devils he fellowship as good Christian brethren, we now

see that he be appointed agent to superintend personally the distribution of Bibles among the slaves.

The address of JAMES W. WALKER is changed from Cleveland to Leesville, Carroll county, Ohio.

SAMUEL T. CRIGHTON is no longer an agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

War and Warriors.

BY JOHN B. BEACH—NO. 1.

Justice was ordained from the foundation of the world.

And will it with the world, and longer?"

CARLYLE.

Love, whose fount is the heart of Deity, and whose residence is on every twinkling star that lights the gloom of absolute space, find not her home among men. A stern Power sways the rod of empire here—an emanation from the heart, not of paternal Deity, but of his immortal—king of the internal shades. Would you know this dread power? Go inquire of Time; "bid him read his earliest pages." Unroll those dire records which first began with the blood of "righteous Abel" cried from the ground unto J-hovah.—Trace the fearful story down through successive ages. See Achan on "wings of darkness" sweeping over Earth's fairest realms; before him all is beauty, grace and splendor—behind him desolation reigns supreme; and o'er the boundless solitude the fiend of Ruin claps his sooty wings incessant! See the heroes of Earth, at whose frown old dominions quaked, in the pride of power trample on the wrecks of nations, and bid the streams run blood! See the ministers of death stalk abroad, and red-armed violence cleave down the ranks of life! See Fury wave her flaming torch, and the smoke of temples, fane, and cities stream up to heaven! Go question the muse of History, as she weeps among the tombs of empires.—Why those tears of unearthly sadness? She bids you mark Earth's conscious shudder as the dreadful footstep of Ruin go thundering on over Art's proudest trophies of civilization's grandest monuments! She points you where stand the ancient sites of Assyria, Egypt, Troy, Carthage, Sparta, Athens, Rome, and bids you mark those pensive, giant ghosts bending solemnly over the spot! The Genii of fallen Empires are they, whose voices, could it come up from the deep mausoleum of ages, would loosen the Warriors iron knees with terror, and startle the great congregation of the dead!

Oh! Friends, it is the *War Demon* that has spread all this desolation. When chaos was first bridged by the infernal hounds, and Sin and Death paved a broad way from the roots of hell to the convex of this upper world, then the first to pass over in their train was fierce Moloch, the fiend of War. Ever since has he been raging over our fair planet, and human blood has not ceased to flow. Kings and conquerors have worshipped at his shrine—and run with wicked speed on his missions of ruin. His infernal spirit has crept into the hearts of men, and they have exhausted themselves in heaping curse and destruction upon each other's heads! Love can hardly find a resting place on Earth, except in the hearts of a few who retain the image of their God entire. These heroes of the Lord have elevated the beautiful banner of Peace, upon whose spotless folds, by the finger of Him who is styled "the Prince of Peace," those blessed words of comfort, "God is love;" have been inscribed.

That banner with its holy motto has been sacrilegiously trampled in the dust by an unholy alliance of Statesmen, Warriors, and Kings. In its stead they have reared a gory standard and bid

"Fend and Desolation go before their path, And Famine clew their footstep."

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seye of Time, more dreadful than tempest or earthquake, famine or pestilence, flood or fire. What shall I call it?

"An epitome of all the pestilent plagues 'What Egypt knew'?"

That does not half express it. "Tis a monster of crime—a dreadful hybrid of earth and hell, whose twin sisters are Drunkenness and Human Slavery—a horrid Demon hound.—

Do not tell me that its worst terrific ravages are past. Do not tell me that it has almost

ceased to torment mankind. Say not that it has been exorcised from our world. *Exorcised from our world!* What! know ye not that it even now finds its home in the courts of princes, the cabinet of counsellors, the halls of legislation, and the posts of public

honor all over christendom? Know ye not that its staunch upholders fill your offices of state, and its bare-faced apologists are seen

abroad every where?

Tell me not that I am battling with a phantom, when I confront war. *Measure thy*—for what signify systems without men? *War in the concrete* we are discussing here;—and my words will be addressed not merely to the intellect, but also to the conscience and the heart. Say not then, Reader, that you are not interested in this discussion, I do not believe it. I can not believe it. You may protest that you have nothing to do with war—you may declare that you disapprove the cruel system—you may spin a long yarn about your "specific principles," but all will not do. If you know the men who spill their brother's blood—if you note

those wicked rulers on their chair of state—or if your voice has not since been lifted in tones of *unspareable rebuke* against their treachery and their crime, then you are the man; and I address myself to you.

San Juan d'Ulloa.

As it is pretty generally understood that the American forces will make an attack upon this far-famed castle, the following description of it by a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune who writes from the U. S. Ship *Albany* will be read with interest.

"As from the deck with my glass I swept over the city of Vera Cruz, its environs, and the strong-hold which covers it—said to be impregnable to the combined fleets of the earth—it was with rather a serious feeling that my eyes rested upon this grim, grisly pile, barbed and bristling with its hundreds of cannon. The question at once arises,—

Can it be taken? Shall we ever see our fleet moving up over the expanse before me to attack it? I doubt it very much.

Certainly not with any force we have or have had here. Let people at home prate as much as they please about it, if it is ever done, it will be by a tremendous array of cannon, and a most awful loss of life. The castle of Vera Cruz is no more what it was when France carried it than you are now to what you were a nursing in your mother's arms. There were no guns above the calibre of 21 pounds—and but few of them—most miserably served. The magazines unsearched were not bomb-proof, the powder was of an inferior character, that not a shot penetrated the side of a French ship, but at the close of the engagement were stuck about the sides of the French ships, like so many balls of mud; and addition to all this, the commanding officer having been instructed not to fire the first gun, permitted the French squadron to come up and take its position as quickly as though moving to pass the winter season.

Now let us see what time and a severe lesson has effected with this same castle.—There are at present mounted within its periphery nearly three hundred cannon, and these are all 32s, 42s, and 8 and 10 inch Paixhans there being a very large number of the latter, and wherever it has been possible to train a gun upon the channel of approach, they are planted "en barbette," so that a fleet moving up to the attack must be exposed to the concentrated fire of 70 cannon, over a distance of two miles before it can get into a position to return a single shot. The castle of San Juan fronts the city at the distance of about three-eighths of a mile, and is supported by a water battery at the north-west angle of the city, of fifty 32 and 42 guns, all of which, with those of the castle commanding the channel would enfilade the squadron passing up, now on, from the moment it arrived within range of the shot, until its anchors were down, with springs upon the cables, within reach of musket shot. Judge, then, what a force would be required for any promise of success, and at what an immense sacrifice it would be accomplished, if at all.—The garrison at this moment is composed of 2,000 men. In the event of an attack, they will with the most perfect safety retire within the casements, which are as impervious to shot as the sides of Mount Oribia, until the ammunition of the assaulting force was expended, when they would return to their guns and sweep the waters before them with the most terrific and destructive effect. The officer commanding lately sent official word that if the Commodore would bring his fleet up, he might fire until there was not a shot left in the locker, and he would promise not to return a gun until the Commodore was done firing.

It is very easy to batter down the castle of Vera Cruz by a few mathematical lines of fire, but to capture it is another matter. The castle is built of coral and mud—

to prevent kidnapping, to prevent the exercise of certain powers heretofore exercised by Judges, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Juries, and to repeal certain slave laws."

Section 1; makes it highly penal for any

person claiming any negro or mulatto as a fugitive from servitude or labor, to violently

and tumultuously seize upon and carry away to any place, or attempt to seize and carry away in a riotous, violent, tumultuous and unreasonable manner, and so as to disturb or endanger the public peace, any negro or mulatto within the Commonwealth, either with or without the intention of taking such negro or mulatto before any district or circuit Judge.

Section 2; secures the inviolability of *habeas corpus*.

Section 3; has relation to the duty of jailors, who are prohibited from holding in prison

any person claimed as fugitives, except as

under the provisions of this act.

Section 4; makes it highly penal for any

person claiming any negro or mulatto as a fugitive from servitude or labor, to violently

and tumultuously seize upon and carry away to any place, or attempt to seize and carry away in a riotous, violent, tumultuous and unreasonable manner, and so as to disturb or endanger the public peace, any negro or mulatto within the Commonwealth, either with or without the intention of taking such negro or mulatto before any district or circuit Judge.

POETRY.

From the *National Era*.
BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of unseasonable rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when a few years ago it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road, and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the Kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Pout of mouth and evil-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl;
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Up, came a troop with broadswords swing,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and forward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! pierce him! thro' the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But, from out the thickening crowd,
Cried a sudden voice, and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man, at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scar'd and sunburn'd darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his Laird so stout of old,
Now so weakly pleaded.

"Wo's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Villoon lancers;
Smiting through their midst will teach
Civil look and decent speech!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end;"
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy, that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame;
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scorning the scoffer!"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends, when none were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off;
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night,
Faith beholds a feeble light;
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest,
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Tearing slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told;
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vind.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabbles' laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clad the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

J. G. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRISH HEART.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spratmen," they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the May-gowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "pathies" side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But the plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came in from his daily labor whistling like a blackbird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Pauden O'Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, four-part reel, or rowly-powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or The Rakes of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lasses declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at weddings and Christmass carousals, none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his knot of ribbons attach knee, and his caubane set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gayety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting car; and in the farm-house and the jaunting car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castle in America; and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel, was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time—"And Jimmy, maroureen, if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me? You will send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget you?" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom; "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, maroureen dheelish." Amid oft repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them all in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or had examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses, indade!" she exclaimed; "Shame be on you for speaking that same! and he die decentest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him, as I do, or you'd never be after speaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indade it is. But ooh, wurrash dheelish! let him not sicken and die there to do for him!" And, overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Troth, and he'd do well anywhere. Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the Ballyhegan jig wid him, any how."

• Potatoes. Cap. Sweet darling.
• Darling. Sweet darling. Sweet Virgin.
James frankly confessed that it was two
• Pot of my heart.

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post-office; for he promised, if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After waiting again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of Heaven, to ascertain whether he was dead or alive, and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant rail-road, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:—

"Dear Friends—Black and heavy is my heart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concerning a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Nora is one of the nabobs but will be letting down the tears when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he is a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James since I came to America; but I hear tell of what I have written.—The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your house from sinking down with this heavy sorrow.

MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, wo is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us." Such a daacent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him.

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the heart of him better than any of you does; and I know he never had intention to do anything that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to America and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, coochee machee, or you'd never speak them words."

"And who wouldn't follow me to the ends of the earth, if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness.

"There was always kindness in him for all human creatures; but I loved him better than all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I cut of him, and longsome is my heart wid him. And is it I will have him alone wid his trouble?" Troth, not if there was ten oceans between us."

This vehemence subsided after awhile, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood. That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day, their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately, as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning-wheel, the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last, she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped out into the moonlight. She stood a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well, by the side of which the May-gowans grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed, that served as stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the old homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed, in agony of sorrow: "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, then never river to see them agin, till the judgment day, thoo! Father in Heaven, wilt forgive me; and proud will I be of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"Troth, and it was alone I come, I ran away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to leave the good father and mother, when they had spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displeasing to God. But Jimmy, machee, my heart was breakin' wid you; and I couldn't leave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure it's long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us know of your misfortune."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God praised for the words you spoke," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, machee. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, dheelish, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorta a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intuitions, though you was shut up in this bad place? An if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, it is Nora would be after laying you alone wid your sin and your shame! Troth, I would weary the saints in Heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there was no sin in your heart, and proud will I be of you, if you had let us know of your misfortune."

"God praised for the words you spoke," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, machee. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"You will come agin?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me agin, acaulda machee?"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot speak together. But it will be a comfort, maroureen, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain, says I may stay wid his family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, a villich."

The same moon shines here, that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear old Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was one weeny darlin' wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work, and lay by money for you; and when you come out of this bad place, it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be of you, a villich machee."

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "for I am going away in a hurry, and have no time to get one made."

Nora was as unsusppecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

"I will watch, too," said the stranger;

"but perhaps you would not be willing to

sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two

• Pulse of my heart.

Light of my heart.

Dear.

dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooking over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which he believed more than he himself had sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly; but as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the state-prison for fifteen years; but appearances were so much in his favor, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused acts of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administrations, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him, that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and fell keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his